

PHAETHON:

Or the First

FABLE

Of the Second BOOK of

Ovid's *Metamorphoses*

BURLESQUE.

[by W. Meston.]



• EDINBURGH:

Printed in the YEAR M. DCC. XX.

WATSON

1840

WATSON

46.

17.

1844




WATSON



PHAETHON:

O R,

The first FABLE of the second Book
of OVID'S METAMORPHOSES
burlesqu'd.

 OL's Mannor was a pretty good
House,
But meaner far than *Halie-rood-house*;
The Walls rear'd up of Lath and
Plaister ;

'Tis good Gear that contents the Master.

On the ceil'd Roof one *Mulciber*,

A cripple common Sign-post Dabber :

Or if you please to call him Painter,

Had drawn some odd Draughts at a Venture ;

The various Seasons of the Year
 Rank'd in due Order did appear,
 And all the Beasts, and Fowls and Fishes,
 Which ilk Month made the nicest Dishes :
 When Beef or Mutton, Lamb or Veal,
 Salmon or Herring, Trout or Eel ;
 When Hen and Capon, Leeks and Cabbage,
 And all the other Kitchin Baggage
 Were at their best, here with one Look
 You'd find without the Help of Book.
 In every Month when they are best,
 Their various Figures are express'd :
 In *January* you'd see Haddocks,
 In *March* was painted Store of Paddocks ;
 In every other Month what nice is.
 I must say these were fine Devices ;
 Where one could draw a Bill of Fare,
 Suiting the Season of the Year ;
 Know when to eat his Oysters raw,
 When Crabbs are best, & *cetera*.

This

This House at Night did lodge the God;
You know all Day he's still abroad.

When *Phaethon* came to the Door,
* Doubling his Mother was a Whore;
He chap'd, and then put in his Head,
Pull'd off his Cap, and said, *G O D speed.*
And having made a homely Jook,
Spy'd *Phæbus* sitting in the Nook,
With purple Gown, in armed Chair,
Contriving how to guide the Year.
† A Minute-watch hang at his Back,
And in his Hand an Almanack;
And round about him in a Ring
Sand-glasses did in Plenty hing:
The Names of Months, you may believe, he
From *March* to *March* had *inclusive*,
The Summer, Harvest, Winter, Spring,
About the Walls on Boards did hing.

And

* - - - intravit dubitati testa parentis.

† A dextra lævaque die, & mensis, & annus,
Seculaque & posita spaciis æqualibus horæ.

And to prevent all foul Mistakes
Of Kalendars and Almanacks,
Great Store in every Corner lay,
Which serv'd to guide him on his Way.

S O L chancing to lift up his Eye,
From's Journal-Book did quickly spy
The Stripling that stood half amazed,
While on these rary Shows he gazed.
" My Son, quoth he, what brought the hither,
" Sir, if I may but call you Father."
Said *Phaethon*, * " And if my Mother
" Ne'r play'd the Whore with any other ;
" Give me some Proof to know it by,
" That I may frankly give the Lye
" To any be he great or small,
" Who me a Son of Whore shall call :
" For Faith ! Sir, I must here confess
" I never yet in Market-place

" Durst

* Nec fabula Clymene culpam sub imagine celat,

“ Durst throw a Stone, but I did dread,
 “ That I might break my Father's Head.

Here stopt the Youth, and claw'd his Pate,
 But *Phæbus* pulling off his Hat,

Said, “ By my Saul, believe't who list,

“ A better Wench yet never pist

“ Than was thy Mother, nor more true

“ To me ; I'll give the Devil his Due.

“ Or if she did, for who can fix

“ A Woman's Heart, with others mix ;

“ Thy Carrot-pow can testify

“ That none thy Father is but I.

“ That I may put thee out of Doubt,

“ Now, *Phaethon*, look round about,

“ Ask any Thing, for as I live,

“ Thou cannot ask what I'll not give.

“ * May *Phæbus* never see, I pray,

“ The Morning of another Day,

“ But

* - - Promissi testis adesto
 Dis juranda palus, oculis incognita nostris,

" But in a Halter may I hing,

" If I deny thee any Thing."

Quoth *Phaethon*, " I love to ride,

" Then Father only let me guide

" Your Hackney-Jades, and until Night

" About the World drive Day-light.

* At this old *Phæbus* shook his Head,

And clawing where there was no need ;

He spate, and fidging twice or thrice,

Said, " *Phaethon*, my Son, be wise :

" I promised, but did suppose,

" That thou didst see before thy Nose,

" And was not such an arrant Sheep,

" As not to look before thou leap.†

" † Would God I had a Toleration

" To swear with mental Reservation ;

" This only Suit I would deny,

" Pox on the Sin of Perjury.

* *Concutiens illustre caput . . .*

† . . . *Utinam promissa liceret Non dare . . .*

" I may dissuade, since thy Desires
 " Above thy Age and Strength aspires;
 " And since so feeble Hands as these are
 " Unable are to guide the Day-star.
 " Except my self, none of the Train
 " Of Gods can guide my fiery Wain :
 " (a) Whatever they may vainly boast,
 " They cannot rule such a Roast.
 " Let *Jove* himself, the great *Mogul*
 " Of Heav'n, vapour as he will,
 " And Wild-fire like a Jugler spit,
 " To fright poor Mortals out of Wit:
 " He cannot guide my Steeds, mark that,
 " (b) And who with *Jove* can bell the Cat.
 " (c) The Way at first is rough and steep,
 " Through which my Steeds can scarcely creep,
 " Tho they be fresh; for every Morn,
 " Before we yoke, they get their Cörn.

B

The

(a) . . . Placeat sibi quisque licebit.

(b) . . . Et quid *Jove* majus habetur ?

(c) *Ardua prima via est, &c.*

" The Middle then is very high,
 " Whence looking down (I will not lie,) cc
 " On Sea and Land, it makes me quake cc
 " For Fear, and all my Bones do shake : cc
 " (a) Thence turning down, should I mistake cc
 " One Step, I'd surely break my Neck. cc

" (b) Besides all this the Heavens high go, cc
 " Still whirling round in a Vertigo, cc
 " Which all the Stars about do swing, cc
 " And make them dance it in a Ring. cc

" Now I, who have the Year to guide, cc
 " Directly forward still must ride. cc
 " I dare not stop, nor turn my Back, cc
 " For marring of the Almanack; cc
 " My restless Wheels must still be jogging, cc
 " Nor dare I halt to take a Noggan. cc

" The rapid Motion of the Sphere cc
 " Would carry thee the Lord knows where. cc

" Perha cc

(a) Ultima prona via est, . . .

(b) Adde quod assiduè rapitur vertigine cœlum

“ (a) Perhaps thou vainly dreams the Gods
 “ Have Mannor-houses on these Roads :
 “ Or thou may foolishly be thinking,
 “ Of Inns and Taverns there for drinking.
 “ On all the Road thou cannot dine,
 “ Unless thou eat a heavenly Sign ;
 “ The Crab, the Lobster, or the Piscis,
 “ Or some such paultry Stuff as this is.
 “ And then to wash thy pickled Throat,
 “ Thou must drink of a Water-pot.

“ (b) Nor could the best of thy Endeavours
 “ Rightly manage my Head-strong Avers,
 “ When they begin to spurn and kick,
 “ As oft they use this vicious Trick,
 “ They make my self, who am more able
 “ Than thou, seek all the Seats in Saddle.

“ For God’s sake then be wise, think on’t,
 “ (c) And say not, would to God, I had don’t,
 Thy

(a) Forſitan & lucos illic, urbeſque Deorum
 Concipias animo, . . .

(b) Nec tibi quadrupedes . . .

In promptu regere eſt. . .

(c) . . . Dum reſque ſigis, tua corrige vota.

“ Thy Mischief now must be prevented,

“ Or afterwards thou wilt repent it.

“ Thou asks a Gift, and would be glad,

“ To know if *Phæbus* be thy Dad :

“ This is a Thing I never doubted,

“ I took thy Mother’s Word about it ;

“ And had thou Wit as thou has Years,

“ (a) Thou might perceive it by my Fears.

“ Consider only, if *Apollo*,

“ The God of Wit, would be so shallow,

“ So great a Block-head, or so dull,

“ To vex his Head or rack his Scull,

“ With needless Fears or Cares, and that

“ For any common Strumpet’s Brat ;

“ If I did so, (as Proverb tells,)

“ I well deserved Hood and Bells.

“ Judge ye how such a Dress would fit

“ The Noddle of the God of Wit.

Through

(a) Et patrio pater esse metu probor. . . .

" Through all my House look up and down,

" (a) Except but this, ask any Boon,

" By all that's sacred, here I vow

" I'll give it, were it worth a Cōw.

" Fond Thing, why hangs thou by my Sleeve,

" Since I have sworn, I must give

" Whate'r thou asks, but pray be wise,

" (b) And yet make a discreeter Choise".

This said, he hoded up his Breeches,

And finished his learned Speeches.

But *Phaëthon*, a wilful Lad,

Whom all his Wit could not diswade,

(c) Stood stiffly to his Purpose, and

Still press'd to have his first Demand.

(d) Now *Phæbus* finding that the Day

Was dawning, durst no longer stay,

For Fear some Morning-men should think

That he had got too large a Drink ;

And

(a) Deprecor hoc unum, . . .

(b) . . . Sed tu sapientius opta.

(c) . . . Diffis tamen ille repugnat ;

Propositumque premit. . . .

(d) At pater, ut terras mundumque rubescere vidit,

And lest he should Sun-dyals mar,
He leads the Boy to the Carr.

This Coach I'd have you understand
(a) Old *Brookie* made with his own Hand ;
For *Phæbus* who must still be peeping,
And spying Faults when some are sleeping,
Through Hole in Door, as is reported,
Perceived that *Mars* with *Venus* sported,
And seeing *Vulcan* was in his Shop,
• He thus accosts his worthy Meship.
“ Gossip, while ye on Iron pelt here,
“ A Rogue who well deserves a Helter ;
“ A Captain too, forsooth hath laid
“ A close Siege to your Worship's Bed :
“ And that he may the more succeed,
“ Plac'd Horned-works upon your Head,
Brookie at this threw by his Hammer,
And thinking on his Wife, cry'd, Damn her :
Clench'd out of Doors, but being lame,
Before he came *Mars* plaid his Game.

(a) . . . Vulcania munera, . . .

Yet notwithstanding this he judged,
 In Gratitude he was obliged
 To *Phæbus*, therefore did provide him
 A trusty Coach for him to ride in:
 And without Brag, ne'r Hackney hurl'd
 On better Wheels in the wide World.
 (a) While *Phæthon* stood gazing on it,
 Rubbing the Stopple of his Bonnet.
 Transported with Surprize and Joy,
 Like a blate Fondling Country-boy
 Who'd never seen a Coach before,
 (b) *Aurora* peep'd in at the Door.
 This was a pretty ruddy, Maid,
 Who waited close on *Phæbus* Bed,
 And oft when he was sleeping sound,
 Would rouse him up to ride his Round:
 And pinching him with Thumb and Finger,
 Would tell him 'twas no Time to linger,

When

(a) Dumque ea magnanimus Phaethon miratus, ...

(b) - - - Rutilo patefecit ab ortu

Purpureas Aurora fores, ...

(a) When all the glimmering Lamps of Night
 For want of Oyl had lost their Light.
 For this and other Service too,
 Which neither of them dares avow;
 And which at present shall be nameless;
 Perform'd by wan on Mistress Shameless.
 The Sun had cloath'd this pretty Harlot
 With Gown and Petticoat of Scarlet;
 When both of them, tho I'm to speak loath,
 Deserv'd to wear a Gown of Sackcloth.
 And I must say 'tis a great Pity,
 That they live not in our good City,
 For our Kirk-treasurer would trace them,
 And on Repentance-stool disgrace them,
 Or make old *Phæbus* for his Cunny
 To *doce* down good ready Money.
 A Reader of our Kirk's Profession
 I hope will pardon this Digression

Ab

About our Discipline, and lo,

No more of this, now *a propo.*

(a) Now *Phæbus* seeing Madam Moon

Look as pale as a Horn Spoon,

And all the Stars quite disappear,

Ev'n Lucifer who guards the Rear;

Straight he calls out a Leash of Lackeys,

Some call them Gods, which their Mistake is,

At most they'r but Plebeian Powers,

(b) And we poor Mortals call them Hours.

These nimble Boys were not idle,

Each quickly snatching up a Bridle,

Led forth the Steeds well fed with Hay,

From Stables where all Night they lay.

Then *Phæbus* taking out a Flask

Of Oyl, for why, he wears no Mask,

All ov'r from Lug to Lug besmear'd

His Face, his Whiskers and his Beard:

Ab

C

And

(a) Cornuaque extremæ velut evanescere Lunæ.

(b) Jungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Horis.

And this forsooth, he did assure him
 (a) 'Gainst all Sun-burning would secure him ;
 And on his Head, to make him trigg,
 He put a powdered Perewig.
 But calling into Mind the Tallow
 Wherewith their dying Friends some hallow :
 (A Practice once they say was common,)
 He thought it was no pleasant Omen,
 He sigh'd until his gutts did tumble,
 Then out these following Words did mumble.
 " My Son, observe what I'm to tell you,
 " And if ye don't, then Dool will fell you :
 " (b) And first keep a good Bridle Hand;
 " But seldom use the Spur or Wand.
 " My Steeds their own Jog-trot will keep,
 " Scarce will they leav't for Spur or Whip.
 " You must not drive too high, nor low,
 " The safest Way is 'twixt the two.

(a) . . . Et rapidæ fecit patientia flammæ.

(b) Parce, puer, stimulis, & sextius utere loris.

" For if you chance to drive too high,
 " You'll burn the Sign-poſts of the Sky.
 " Aſtrologers will be undone,
 " When not one Houſe in Heav'n is known ;
 " And who without a Sign can tell
 " Where Heavenly Conſtellations dwell.
 " And if too low (which a Diſgrace is)
 " You will tawn all the Ladies Faces.
 " Now more Directions were but needleſs,
 " I hope you will not be ſo heedleſs,
 " But you'll obſerve and cloſely follow
 " (a) The Coach-wheel Traſt, you'll find it hollow ;
 " And this will guide you to a Minute,
 " Or elſe I'm ſure the Devil is in it.
 " And ſo to Fortune I muſt leave ye,
 " I wiſh ſhe play not you a Shavie.
 " And now comes one the Firie Farie,
 " Time calls us, and we muſt not tarry.

" Then

(a) . . . Maniſeſta totum veſtigia cernea.

" Then take the Reins, or if as yet
 " You'll shew less Fondness and more Wit,
 " Let me alone to guide the Charret,
 " 'Tis ten to one but you will marr it;
 " Stay you at Home and sport and play,
 " And suffer me to guide the Day.
 " Here you may safely dance and caper,
 " And see me drive the blazing Taper."

But all this good Advice was lost,
 The Stripling quickly took his Post.
 And O but he was wondrous fain,
 With eager Hand to snatch the Rein;
 Then to his Father made a Bow,
 First said *Gramarcie*, then *Adieu*.
 " Poor *Phaethon* you are demented,
 " Quoth *Sol*, e'er Sun set you'll repent it."
 Mean time the Steeds began to neigh,
 The Coach-man clack'd his Whip, cry'd Jee.
 With this the Hackney Jades first started,
 And then well fed with Corn they farted.

Then up the Path they trott and hoble :
 But *Phæton* like a young Noble,
 Now seated in his Father's Carr,
 Look'd ev'n as big as *Musco's* *Czar* :
 (*) As Ships that bear more Sail than Ballast,
 Slinger before the very smallest
 Unequal Blaft, so is he driven,
 Jolting and jumbling up to Heaven ;
 Nor was his Father half so wise,
 As his light-headed Son to poise :
 Which in Horse Races is the Practice,
 Where still the Rider's Weight exact is ;
 And if but one of all the Number
 Of Riders is too light, with Lumber
 Or Baggs of Sand this is corrected :
 But this by *Phæbus* was neglected.
 Nor need you much at this to wonder,
 The best of Wits will sometimes blunder.

The

(*) Utque labant curvæ iusto sine pondere naves, &c.

The Coach near empty swiftly reels,
 And glides away on easy Wheels.
 The Steeds perceiv'd it moving light,
 And wanting of its usual Weight,
 Which made them first begin to amble,
 And then through thick and thin to ramble,
 Ov'r Hedge and Ditch with Speed they fly,
 (a) And quite forsake the King's high Way.
 And now our poor young Charioteer,
 Was seized with a Panic Fear;
 At once confounded and amaz'd,
 He sweat, he trembled, star'd and gaz'd.
 He knew not where the Way did ly,
 Nor would the vitious Jads obey.
 Ov'r Craigs and Cliffs his Coach-wheels rattle,
 Which scar'd and scorch'd the heavenly Cattle.
 The Bull turst up his Tail on Rigg,
 Prick'd, and ran round like Whirlegig.

(a) . . . Tritumque relinquunt Quadrijugii spatium,

The Lyon soon began to roar :

(4) With Heat the great and little Boar;

To find some cooler Shade, or Hole,

Ran even to the Artick Pole.

The Dog stark mad began to snarle

(5) At poor *Bootes* an old Carle,

Who ran away with his Wheel-barrow

So fast, he almost sweat his Marrow.

The Serpent in this hurly burly

Benum'd with Cold before, look't surly.

The Fish then swam away with speed,

I cannot say but they had need,

Nor could *Aquarius* relieve them,

His boiling Water more did grieve them ;

Parboil'd they lay now in the Gutter,

They'd made good Sawce had there been Butter.

How soon the Boy from Heav'ns Rigging

Had cast his Eye on Earth's low Bigging,

He

(a) . . . Gelidi caluere triones.

(b) Te quoque turbatum memorant fugisse, Boote,
Quamvis tardus eras, & te tua plaustra tenebant,

He trembl'd, and which was a Token
 Of a Dirt-fear, look'd din as Docken
 Down from his Eyes the Tears did trickle;
 O but he was in a sad Pickle!
 Ne'r was young Lad in badder Plight,
 (a) His Eyes turn'd dim, he lost his Sight:
 In this perplexing Firie-farrie,
 And unexpressible Quandarie,
 Had he possess'd an hundred Pound
 He'd give it all for Sole o' Ground.
 Oft did he wish he had a Pox
 When first he mounted the Coach-box:
 Were he on Earth again, he'd rather
 Content himself with any Father,
 Or choose out one by odds or even
 Rather than gallop thus through Heaven,
 To prove his Genealogy
 By dangerous Astrology.

(a) *Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen obortæ.*

Curgloft, confounded and bumbaz'd,
 On Eaft and Weft by Turns he gaz'd,
 As Ship that's toft with ftormy Weather,
 Drives on, the Pilot knows not whither,
 At Mercy of the Winds and Tides,
 Juft fo our Hackney Coach-man rides,
 The more the Coach-wheels reel'd and tumbl'd,
 The more his Judgment ftill was jumbld.
 The slackned Reins he held not faft,
 Nor dropt them quite, but all agaft,
 And at his Wits end, like a Sot,
 His Horfes Names he had forgot.
 Much toft with Joltings and with Hobblings,
 And terrifi'd with ftange Hobgoblins,
 Which up and down difperfed ly
 Though the wild Regions of the Sky ;
 At laft his Fingers dropt the Reins :
 The Steeds perceiv'd them on their Manes,

D

Rambling

(*) Proſicit occaſus, interdum refpicit ortus.

Rambling and ranging out they fly
 (a) Through Dens and Deserts of the Sky,
 With lawless Force and Devilish Din,
 They drive the Coach through thick and thin;
 Their Fury all before them marrs,
 They dash the Sun against the Stars :
 And now they turn their Tails, (b) and down
 They drive the Sun below the Moon.
 Quoth *Luna*, in a great Surprize,
 " Can I believe now my own Eyes :
 " Yes, 'tis my Brother, that is clear,
 " But then what does he riding here.
 " I know not what to say, sure this is
 " A Thing portends no good, (God bless us.)
 " All Nature topsie turvie turns,
 " The Clouds he into Ashes burns,
 " Which sends us up such stinking Smoak,
 " God help me, I am like to choak.

(a) . . . Nulloque inhibente per auras
 Ignotæ regionis eunt . . .

(b) Inferiusque suis fraternos currere Lunæ
 Admiratur equos. . . .

And now the Earth begins to fry,
The Rivers great and small run dry ;
(a) The Woods and Heaths do make but one Fire,

And every Mountain is a Bonfire.

The frozen Zone begins to thaw,
And all the Corn-fields do glow.

Small loss of Woods, of Fields and Hills,
When they're compar'd with greater Ills :
Whole Cities and well peopled Nations
Make but continued Conflagrations :

(b) Nilus, to fly the scorching Sun,
With all his Speed did backward run,
And hid his Head so under Ground,

To this good Day it is not found.
The solid Ground even splits asunder,

The Sun-beams fills all Hell with Wonder ;

(c) Old Nick and his Good-wife benighted,
Till they were with the Flash affrighted.

With

(a) *Silvæ cum montibus ardent.*

(b) *Nilus in extremum fugit pesteritus orbem.*

(c) . . . *Infernum terret cum conjuge Regem.*

With Heat the Ocean boils and bubbles,
Neptune was in Peck of Troubles :
 Thrice 'bove the Floods his Head he rear'd,
 The Flame thrice sing'd his grisly Beard,

And Mother Earth in this sad Case
 Lifts up her scorch'd and wrinkled Face,
 (a) And seiz'd with a Convulsion Fit :
 (The too much Heat occasion'd it,)
 She thratches, trembles, and she groans,
 And falls down on her Hurckle-bones,
 Claps both her Hands upon her Eyes,
 And thus she simpers, whines and cries:
 " Alas ! to what Hand shall I turn me,
 " This Flame alive is like to burn me.
 " Don *Jove*, what means this Rage and Fury
 " To scorch me thus without a Jury,
 " My Crimes could ne'er deserve so much,
 " As thus to fry me like a Witch.

" Wha

(a) . . . *Magnoque tremore omnia concutiens.* . . .

" What mean ye, Sir, to play such Pranks;
 " (a) I can say I deserv'd more Thanks;
 " For, Sir, you know, and your own Butchers,
 " Should you deny 't, would be my Vouchers;
 " Well can they tell, would they but speak
 " How oft I've made your Kitchen reek
 " With good fat Beasts of my own feeding:
 " You might have had some better Breeding,
 " And not with Flames have thus consum'd me,
 " For many a Time have I perfum'd ye.
 " But then suppose you'd guilty make me,
 " Of some black Crime, (though, Devil take me,
 " If I know wherein I've offended,
 " And if I knew, I would amend it: }
 " Pray, *Hogan Mogan*, (now I'd coaks you)
 " Would you but tell me what provokes you
 " 'Gainst *Neptune*, who was never sparing
 " With *Cabelew* and good *Lews Herring*,

" We

(*) *Hofne mihi fructus? &c.* . . .

" Well dress'd to please your dainty Palate,
 " While I provided you with Sallet.
 " But if you're such a stingy Fellow,
 " As neither him nor me to value :
 " Yet humbly, Sir, I would desire,
 " Now when your Neighbour's House takes Fire,
 " You'd mind your own ; know this is fit,
 " Had you one Ounce of Mother-wit :
 " And this ye know is always found
 " To be of Clergy worth a Pound :
 " Or else this Flame will reach the Spheres,
 " (a) And burn your House about your Ears."

This said, her Head within her Shell
 She drew, and in a Swoon she fell.

The old Goodman in his high Seat
 Began to feel the sultry Heat,
 Then from his Chair, he starts and looks
 On Earth all in a Flame, Gods looks

" Sal

(a) Atria vestra ruent. . . .

" Said *Jupiter*, What means the Matter,
 " Go ring the Fire-bells and bring Water :
 With *Mercury* for Loitering quarrels,
 (a) But feind a Drop was in his Barrels.
 Then up the Fire-fork he did snatch,
 And ties to it a fiery Match,
 " Mad Coach-man now, quoth he, have at you,
 " (b) I hope the Father who begat you
 " Will pardon me, if to the Devil
 " I send you, to prevent this Evil.
 The Bolt he levels with his Eye,
 And shoots it point blank through the Sky,
 Which fizzing through the Air flies down,
 And knocks the Coach-boy on the Crown,
 And drives him lifeless from the Car,
 Down tumbling like a shooting Star.
 (c) The Steeds affrighted with the Crack
 And Flash of Lightning started back.

And

(a) - - - Nec quos coelo demitteret imbres.

(b) - - - testatus & ipsum Qui dederat currens. . . .

(c) Consterantur equi, . . .

And pull'd their Necks out of the Yoke, 342
 The Harness and Coach Wheels they broke,
 The Beam lies broke, the Coach all shatter'd,
 The Harness here and there was scatter'd,
 So here's an End of this fine Story,
 Judge ye if Phab... was not sorry.

